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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BACONIAN HYPOTHESIS IN THE UNITED STATES: JUDGE NATHANIEL HOLMES "THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH"—IGNATIUS DONNELLY. A FURTHER CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

If to be crushed to earth is one of the prerogatives of Truth, then the Bacon Theory had at least one attribute of Truth in the year 1851. For certainly after poor Miss Bacon's book had been pelted to death as Mr. Hawthorne said, with stolen mud, in the United States it was almost immediately forgotten. It seems however that the Theory has somehow or other a periodicity of about ten years which has never failed it. Miss Bacon's book was born and buried in 1857. In 1866 the firm of Hurd and Houghton, The Riverside Press, issued a volume, "The Authorship of Shakespeare" by Nathaniel Holmes, a justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri. Its calm and judicial treatment of the matter instantly approved it and from that day to this it has remained the analytical text book of the Baconian Theory. In 1886 it was enlarged by its author into two volumes by addition of some eight hundred pages of supplemental matter. But although many new matters have accrued and new views and arguments developed by such Baconian protagonists as Mrs. Pott, Mr. Donnelly, Edwin Reed, Lord Penzance, Judge Webb, Messrs. White, Castle, Bompas, Sutton, Begley and Bayley, the constructive and conservative text book of the Controversy is still Judge Holmes' Authorship of Shakespeare. Prior to becoming a Judge in Missouri Judge Holmes had been professor of the Common Law in Harvard University. After leaving the Bench I believe he again accepted that professorship which he also resigned and spent his declining years until his death in 1901, in literary and philosophical pursuits.

In the year 1889, my Columbia Law School Class of 1869 had its "twenty years after" dinner, and in Dr. Dwight's speech there—(I never saw him again, for he died the next year)—he alluded to me as the man who "proved that Bacon wrote Shakespeare!" After the speech I told him that if I ever had done such a terrible thing as that, he (Dr. Dwight) was at

the bottom of it, and when he asked how that could be, I told him the tale as follows: Among other details of Dr. Dwight's methods with his students, it was his custom every week to prepare a brief of facts for moot court argument, in a case of A versus B, and to append to each a list of authorities pro and con (without indicating, however, which were which) and to distribute them on printed slips among all the students, Seniors and Juniors alike. He then made assignments of one Junior and two Seniors, or vice versa, from the list of students on each side respectively, to argue the case before himself sitting as the Court. In my Junior year I happened to be assigned to a case involving a question of literary property, not under any statute of copyright, but at common law. As I recall it; For if I remember rightly, there was some precedent at that time that a common law right of literary property existed only in matter having a "literary quality." Such a principle has long since disappeared into the adumbra, if it ever was anything but adumbra itself, but my recollection is that it existed or was assumed in this moot court brief of facts. In preparing for my maiden effort, I read the cases of Millar v. Taylor and Donalson v. Becket, which were brought, (as we would say in the United States,) to test the constitutionality of the Statute of Anne, in 1710, the earliest statute granting the protection of copyright to English authors. In the first of these cases, Lord Campden, in his magnificent speech before the House of Lords, flouted the idea that there was or ought to be any property in literature at all, uttering the famous declaim that "Glory is the reward of authorship and they who seek it, despise all meaner gain, "to which the retort was that this would cut off any ownership in school-text books, because no man ever wrote a school-book for glory! As I read on, I was surprised to realize that in Shakespeare's day there was absolutely no protection whatever for literary property. The "printers" who were members of the Stationers Company founded by William and Mary, being licensed to "print" anything, and moreover, to bring before the Court of Star Chamber anybody not a member of the aforesaid Stationers Company who printed or interfered with them in any way. (The days when Milton, in his Areopagitica, proclaimed "the right of every man to his several copy, which, God forbid, should be gainsayd," were yet to come.) It was while I was in the midst of reading these and the other cases on literary property, that Judge Holmes' book happened to fall in my way. I became fascinated with the array of facts presented by the learned author, and the question flashed across me, what would have prevented the "printers" from publishing anybody's plays and calling them "Shakespeare," or placing any name they pleased upon the title-pages, especially when nobody could print any-

thing at all unless he were a member of the Stationers Company? Thus, innocently, was I immeshed in a question which as I write to-day,—thirty-eight years after, is still clawing me in its clutch, bewildering us with not one but thousands of books, pamphlets and magazine and newspaper articles on both sides and on many sides, qualifying or emphasizing each side, for a considerable number of which I myself am the responsible sinner. I don't remember much about the moot-court case, but, however it went, my avocation in life had been selected for me, and it came upon me that instead of trying to study the Shakespeare text and compete with other commentators, my line was to study the Shakespeare and Elizabethan environments: the methods of those days, the literature accessible, the vestiges of the man Shakespeare! And whatever I have done or failed to do in a rather active life in the midst of affairs and in the more or less laborious practise of my profession, I have never been able to shake off the appetite or rather the contagion I absorbed from Judge Holmes' ratiocinative book, which I read, not as I had read Tom Paine's Age of Reason at college, within my chamber, with locked doors and a pillow ready under which to thrust it if interrupted; but openly aloud and to everybody I could get to listen to it, guilelessly innocent of a suspicion that I was banqueting upon forbidden fruit!

Up to this time I cannot claim to have been more than the ordinary enthusiast over Shakespeare. I had fortunately not been bored by what is called "instruction" in the Plays or forced to learn him by catechism. Had I been bombarded with those awful books like poor Fleming's dreary "How to Study Shakespeare" which Goodman Dull himself could not have improved upon for boredom, I certainly never should have founded a Shakespeare Society! I had been introduced to Shakespeare as a child by the Boydell pictures reprinted in the United States in 1856 by the gentleman with the remarkable name of Shearjasub Spooner (perhaps the name first drew me to the pictures!) And in my father's library was an copy of Dr. Johnson's Edition with that magnificent Preface which is surely the most sonorous piece of English ever written. I remember, too, that I purchased with my boyish purse a copy of the Johnson-Fry composite Edition which was being sold by book-agents throughout the country at the time, embellished with pictures of the characters as represented by prominent modern actors and actresses. The only value of this Edition was that its prolegomena was a full and faithful compendium of the work of Halliwell (whom I afterwards knew well as Halliwell-Phillipps, Knight and Collier, (before the tempter had coaxed the latter to attempt discovery of the undiscoverable!) In this Edition I remember that I read The Preface "To the most Noble and Incom-

parable Pair of Brethren." The Address to the Great Variety of Readers, etc., as if these were by the same pen as the Plays, as I knew that authors always wrote Prefaces to their own books. And the fact that I saw no slightest difference in the style of these Prefatory compositions and some of the prose styles in the Plays—even to the insatiable appetite for legal phrases, prepared me to learn when later I began to be interested in the Origin of these Plays and the environment of their sources that "Heminge and Condell" had nothing to do with them, that they were two entirely obscure and indifferent actors who ended their lives respectively as a grocer and a publican, dying without putting a pen to paper and innocent of so much as a dream that they had actually introduced to posterity the foremost literature of Mankind! It was only at a later date and a deeper concern with the circumstantial data of this environment that I realized that had these worthy persons ventured to address their sublime Lordships as an "Incomparable Paire of Bretheren" they would have gone to gaol for lese majestê in days when a knight could be haled before Star Chamber for addressing a Peer as "Goodman Morley" and when men like Chapman and Jonson were committed to the Fleet for jesting about King James's countrymen, the Scots—and tried to guess why any deception should have been necessary in presenting the world with Shakespeare cured and perfect, and absolute in his numbers!

So I was ready enough for the revelations in Judge Holmes' work! But I must bear witness that the work did not attract me, as it might well have attracted a young law-student (to use the language of Burke) "to exercise my ingenuity in proving that which is not, rather than to merely support what is." Rather I was eager to devise or discover a compromise between the necessity of abandoning all former things—all saws of books and lessons learned by rote, and the exact facts as marshalled by Judge Holmes. It was a maxim of my father's that the best lawyer was he who could keep a case out of court by so compromising it that each party would be convinced that he had gotten the better of the other, and I believed that I could discern a medio tutissimis ibis between a complete Shakespeare and a wholly impossible Bacon. So it was that even while reading Judge Holmes, I began putting on paper matter which went into my "Shakespearean Myth" just as I wrote it then, and just as it stands in that work to-day. But far from rushing into print, the first chapter of the Myth did not see the light until 1879, which was waiting one year more than Horace's "ninth full year!"

I was admitted to the Bar at General Term New York City in the spring of 1868, while still a student at Columbia Law School, although as the statute then was, the Court would have admitted me on presentation of my

diploma, and in the examination at General Term I sat between the Hon. Charles W. Dayton, at present a justice of the New York Supreme Court, and Henry Bergh, the famous founder of The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I went in a few months into the Legal Department of the Erie Railway, where, with a few intervals, I remained until 1884. In one of these intervals, I was associated with Edwin James, an English barrister, who had come from London to New York City (leaving his country for his country's good, though none of us suspected it at the time.) This Mr. James was the original of "Mr. Stryver" in "The Tale of Two Cities:" so I can boast of having known somewhat intimately the sitter for one of Dickens's characters. An explosion of chemicals in 1872 deprived me of the use of my right eye for a year, which year I utilized in visiting Europe; and, of course, I was not long in Europe before finding my way to Stratford-on-Avon. Stratford-upon-Avon was a charming and tranquil town in 1872, but it was, and is, not hard to see that it must have been a most uninviting place in 1565-1616. It was hard for me to keep my enthusiasm in the birthplace house, which Judge Holmes' pages had told me was not the birthplace house, but only one of three houses which might have been the scene of Shakespeare's childhood. The poison was at work in me, and, even if I had not always been a very matter-of-fact young man, would have kept me self-contained. But I doubt if even if I had never read Judge Holmes', I could have quite palpitated with the proper emotion over what Richard Grant White calls "the beggarly lot of shabby gimcracks" in which we are supposed to salute the shades of mighty Shakespeare there; I remember that I was not tempted at least to guarantee them, as far as my guarantee would go, by scribbling my autograph on the walls of that stuffy and ugly little birth-room. I felt somehow that although the literature of the world has been written in garrets, in hovels and in jails—the child born in such a chamber as that might not have had the appetite—even if he had had the opportunity, to take all knowledge for his province, two hundred years before a "Public Library," as we understand the term to-day; a library where the humblest and raggedest, as well as the loftiest and cleanest, could consult its resources —was in existence!

The two strongest impressions I brought away with me from Stratford-on-Avon were, first, the very recent and modern appearance of the stone over Shakespeare's tomb, (which Dr. Halliwell Phillipps explained to us later in finding evidence of its replication from the older stone—not then many years before; though, considering the spirit of recent Stratford "restorations," one ought to be grateful that it was even replicated;) and, second, a feeling akin

to that uttered by Richard Grant White many years afterward, that one could enthuse over Shakespeare the more easily the further he kept away from that Henley street tenement with its rubbishy and prima facie spurious relics.

On my return from something over a year in Europe, my professional duties, my marriage and many other matters put Shakespeare things a long ways off. But one evening in the year of 1877, I happened to sit at a public dinner next to the late Oliver Bell Bunce, the Editor of Appleton's Journal. The subject of Shakespeare seems to have come up—possibly apropos of some revival at a city theatre. Mr. Bunce remarked that he had recently read the Plays over again slowly and was surprised to find how many scores of different literary styles they contained. I replied: "that is because so many different people wrote them." He asked what I meant and I sketched to him rapidly my proposition as to the ownership of the plays in Shakespeare, and Mrs. Shakespeare—as proved in my judgment, by the fact that it was not until her death in 1623 that Jaggard and Blount were able to register a title to such of them in the stationers' book, as had not already been registered to other printers (which accounted for the non-mention of them in the will) and the paramount probability that the manager of a theatre, occupied in mounting plays as rapidly as the public demanded them, would have procured the dialogue the "lines" of these plays wherever he most easily could and employed the best playrights he could find; and above all, the prima facie traces of stage growth by localisms "gags" and the like: as for instance in the single play, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which is in the folio three times as long as in the first quarto, but where the localisms and "gags" are too palpable for oversight. That for example, an entire scene, showing a little lad named "William," being examined by a pragmatical Welsh schoolmaster in his no-account Latin paradigms; another scene recounting the stealing of some horses belonging to a cavalcade of German visitors at Windsor (who had gone into a tavern to get some beer and left their horses outside); an allusion to "Sackerson" (an extra-large-sized bear then being "baited" at Paris Gardens): and an allusion to "Yed" (Edward) Miller, who had sold an actor a pair of gloves,—that all these, which had nothing whatever to do with the plot, had been inserted. And that, being pure localisms, no editor for literary purposes could have inserted them seven years after Shakespeare's death! And so might the numberless serious episodes in the plays such as Mercutio's speech about Queen Mab and dozens of others, have been run into the context by heaven knows who!

Who knows, I said, how many pens wrote the books of the Old Testament or Homer? Why should not Shakespeare have been played in one ver-

sion and then printed in the first folio for readers in another. What the rabble of oafs and clowns and worse that used the pits of the Globe and Blackfriars theaters as assignation places (until the offense became so notorious that even the not squeamish public of Elizabethan London could not abide it and they took a hand themselves and shut up every playhouse in one fell swoop), would have demanded, were doubtless not the eloquence and majesty we stand in awe of to-day. Or, to descend to physical impossibilities—the Elizabethan theaters only opened at 5 o'clock p. m. and, to save cressets, closed at 7 ("the two-hours' traffic of our stage") which would not have given time for the pronouncing of Hamlet, or Lear, or any of the longer plays as we have them in the first Folio. "Write that out"———

"Write it out," said Mr. Bunce. "And I will publish it in Appleton's." The opportunity seemed to have at last arrived. That night I hunted up my long-buried manuscript and put a preliminary paper into shape. Mr. Bunce printed it in the issue of Appleton's Journal for February, 1879, exactly as it stands to-day as Chapter First of "The Shakespearean Myth"—"The Problem."

There were several answers to the paper in other publications, and of many sent to Appleton's Mr. Bunce printed what seemed to him the best one by a Mr. Benton. And being thus convinced of a sufficient interest in the subject Mr. Bunce invited me to continue and ultimately the entire work ran through the pages of Appleton's Journal. The intention was for the Appletons to make the book. But while the papers were being printed Mr. Robert Clarke, a renowned publisher of Cincinnati, wrote me asking that his publishing house might issue it and the Appletons permitted me to arrange it that way. (While I am at this point I may note that Mr. Robert Clarke was an enthusiastic believer in the pure Baconian authorship and tolerated no such compromise as my work proposed. He, however, looked at my book as preparing the field for his Theory and so wanted to make special effort to circulate it as widely as possible. The result was, I am convinced, that Mr. Clarke's special attention was of more advantage even than a New York imprint would have been. For the work was "pushed" not only in England, but on the Continent of Europe. It went through three editions in the United States and one in Germany in the first five years of its career. And indeed—for twenty-one years, as my annual copyright returns sufficiently indicated, remained extant: an unusual thing, I am told, for any book—especially a book on a side Shakespeare issue. And though—as book sales go—the returns were anything but extraordinary, I was always very proud

to receive the small annual copyrights, which meant that my book was not yet deceased!

February, 1902, the publishing house of Messrs. Robert Clarke and Company in Cincinnati was totally destroyed by fire—and with it went the plates of The Shakespearean Myth. There also perished in this same fire the plates of Mr. W. H. Edwards "Shaxper not Shakespeare"—so that in one fell swoop, the Heretical authorship cause lost two of its auxilliaries!

I don't care to apologize for the Myth at this late date. But I must call attention to the fact that it was in no sense, and was not intended to be, a text book of Baconianism. Its preface distinctly stated that it was an effort at a settlement, and in the body of the book I presented three alternative theories. The Delia Bacon Theory (for in as far as I could comprehend her, Miss Bacon believed that the Plays were written as a group, or, syndicate of gentlemen—in other words, that "Shakespeare" like "Homer" was a noun of multitude—Raleigh, Rutland and others, as well as Bacon. The Editorial Theory, which was that Shakespeare was the stage editor only of the Plays, and the "New" Theory, (my own so far as I have ever achieved any theory at all) to wit, that Shakespeare was the proprietor as well as the stage editor of the Plays—that like my friend, Augustin Daly, he knew his public and if what he purchased did not seem to him exactly what his audience required, he himself wrote the material over, so as to suit—familiarizing—even popularizing it. (And this might account for the Warwickshire Dialect which occurs, more or less, in every Shakespeare Play—though not at all, as I wrote a book to prove—in the Venus and Adonis, "the first heir of his invention.") This "New Theory" as I christened it, at once relieves us from demanding that Shakespeare should be not only diplomat, courtier, soldier, statesman, scholar, philosopher, physicist, and so on, while permitting us to still retain him in our veneration as the real Master Dramatist of all the ages. If we admit that Shakespeare was not too proud to borrow a plot from Boccaccio, why should he have hesitated to borrow a speech or an epigram from Bacon? And then in answer to those who complained that we knew nothing about Shakespeare except that he was baptised, was married and died, etc., I proceeded to show that we knew a good deal about him—knew more in fact than we knew about any other private subject of Elizabeth, albeit that what we knew of him rather disproved him the oceanic genius required for sole author of the Plays, even while the evidence was that he did produce plays, and that the plays called Shakespeare's must be conceded to be those very plays! As to Tradition: I accepted Halliwell Phillipps' dictum that a tradition whose source could be traced to a time when no motive

existed for falsification as to the matter thereof should be accepted as true (a modification as to matters literary of the Common law rule as to tradition as to matters of affairs which must commend itself to our reasonable minds. And so while I accepted all traditions that came from Stratford on Avon since there was clearly in that village no motive for falsification; I submitted that certain traditions not consonant with probability, and originating after Shakespeare's death with his biographers who wrote with the Plays before them (and so with the necessity of fitting their subject to his alleged output) contained a good deal to be rejected. I for my part did not hesitate to reject the statements: I. That Shakespeare and Southampton were bosom friends and inseparable companions. II. That Southampton gave Shakespeare a thousand pounds sterling. III. That Queen Elizabeth walked across Shakespeare's stage when he was playing King Richard II, dropping her glove which Shakespeare returned with an impromptu etc., and IV. That King James wrote him a autograph letter. I rejected the Southampton stories because the gulf between peer and peasant was too wide in Elizabethan days to be bridged by a Dedication or even by two dedications, especially in days when every poet dedicated things to Southampton who loved to pose as a Maecenas; and because no Historian—none but Shakespeare's biographers can find a trace of any such association. And that, in days when Shakespeare could purchase the largest house in Stratford for sixty-five pounds, Lord Southampton—what was not a Croesus, didn't have himself to give away, a thousand pounds sterling, which perhaps equalled in purchasing power £25,000, or $125,000.00 to-day. As to the Queen Elizabeth and the King James stories—when the Queen wanted to see a Shakespeare Play, she ordered it presented before her—and did not among all her escapades (which are pretty well chronicled by this time), or otherwise frequent the Blackfriars or the Globe Theatres, and as to the autograph letter, where is it? A Royal autograph is an asset—Shakespeare's legal representatives may have been Puritans. But they could have sold that letter for tainted money, and prayed away the taint. And again, the tendency to invent ana of the great is a persisting one. I was never able to find a resident of Gettysburg during the battle who could tell me incidents of the fight, who had not handed a cup of cold water to General Meade!

A suggestion I made in "The Myth" seems to me still of possible importance: to wit. The dissolution of the Religious houses was still recent, and there must have been multitudes of learned clerks thrown upon their own resources for food and shelter. Shakespeare himself was of the Old Faith, and would have been willing and able to contrive for them a

means of livelihood by utilizing the mass of lore and fable they had memorized from the palimpsests they had scraped in their old Scriptoriums: (For surely we must account somehow for the cropping out of bits of overlooked incidental information—such as a certain unsavory custom of the Cyprians—which even to-day in the mellow-librared twentieth century we could not find reference to otherwheres than in the text of Shakespeare! And so to account for possession in Shakespeare, or in any one man, not only of the accumulation of all human wisdom but of the opportunity of acquiring it, etc., etc., of which we have all heard to weariness and vexation of spirits.

"The Shakespearean Myth" had at once a vogue as flattering as it was unexpected. My publishers in less than one year sent me ninety-three formidable and most able reviews: not counting the usual mass of perfunctory ones that push half way or so into one's Preface. Of these, one, from the pen of Mr. William Winter in The New York Tribune I may insert here.

A BRIEF AGAINST SHAKESPEARE.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH. William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan, A. M., LL.B. 8vo. pp. 342. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

It would require a very diligent search to find anywhere in literature a better example than this work affords of what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls bias. Nothing can be more obvious than that Mr. Morgan's book is an example of special pleading, and one which illustrates supremely well the dangers that attend habitual indulgence in that sort of intellectual jugglery which is the essence of special pleading. Mr. Morgan's avowed purpose is to examine such external evidence as there is, for the purpose of discovering as nearly as may be the truth concerning the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, and it is probable that he has honestly endeavored to do this: yet no fairly intelligent reader can fail to see that he has done nothing of the kind. He has made a brief instead of a judicial opinion. He has examined the question from the point of view of an advocate who has a case to make, a theory to maintain, a side to support in whatever way he can, leaving it to the lawyer on the other side to discover, if he can, the flaws in the argument, and trusting abstract truth and justice to take care of themselves. For evidence of this temper on the part of the writer we need not go far and cannot go amiss. We find it even in the title of the book, in which it is assumed at the outset that the world's belief—unquestioned for three hundred years—

in the Shakespearean authorship of Shakespeare's plays is nothing more than the credulous acceptance of a myth. We find it in the preface, in which M. Guizot's misstatement of the known historical facts concerning Shakespeare's life and work—a misstatement including such errors of fact as that all of Shakespeare's works were written during his life in London, that he wrote nothing after his return to Stratford, and that he was "ignored and unknown" —is quoted and made the foundation of an argument. Finally, upon every page of the book, almost in every sentence, there is the unmistakable tone of the special pleader who accepts as undisputed fact everything that helps his case, and rejects with disdain as improbable whatever gives color to an opposing theory. We have no purpose to discuss the question of the authorship of Shakespeare; there is neither space nor occasion for that at present, and our immediate duty is simply to show what manner of book it is that Mr. Morgan offers the public under the title printed above. With that end in view we direct attention next to the fact that Mr. Morgan, in his character of advocate, assumes broadly and positively that, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, the question of authorship has been finally settled adversely to the dramatist's claim. He puts Shakespeare aside as a claimant whose pretensions have been effectually set at naught. He assumes that the argument against him has been submitted and accepted as conclusive, and that nobody clings to the exploded myth except credulous folk who still believe in William Tell, the Maelstrom and unknown seas swarming with krakens and ship-devouring reptiles,—people with whom it is idle to argue because they are incapable of hearing and comprehending reason. "Formidable as it was in age," he says, "the presumption as to William Shakespeare's authorship of the great dramas which for three hundred years had gone by his name had only to be touched by the thumb and finger of common sense to crackle and shrivel like the egg that sat on the wall in the kindergarten rhyme." And yet there are men in the world reputed to be sane, men not suspected of imbecility, scholarly men and honest, who have never been able to see that the thumb and finger of common sense, or any other thumb and finger whatever, have succeeded in crackling and shrivelling that presumption. A poll of the men and women competent to form an opinion on that subject would scarcely show a majority convinced that the case against Shakespeare is made out. It would not be difficult to prove that Mr. Morgan himself is convinced to the contrary. He believes, indeed, that Shakespeare was not the author of the plays, but he does not believe, as the passage quoted and its immediate context indicate that he does, that the Shakespearean theory was thrown out of court before he began to write: and he shows that he does not so believe by

arguing elaborately, ingeniously, laboriously and like a lawyer to establish the very point which he assume as already established beyond question. Certainly he would not be at such pains to demonstrate that which is already demonstrated; and which nobody doubts who is capable of conviction by evidence and logic. If we dwell upon the lawyer-like attitude of Mr. Morgan toward the questions which he discusses, it is only because that attitude determines the whole character of his work. Here is another illustration of it. In his effort to overthrow that presumption of the Shakespearean authorship of the plays which he declares to be already overthrown, he is at great pains to show that there is no evidence that Shakespeare wrote the plays, except the facts that they were put forth as his, and that nobody doubted the assertion for three hundred years; then he endeavors to show that this fact really amounts to nothing as evidence, saying that if, three hundred years hence, a question were to arise concerning the actual authorship of one of the plays produced this year at Mr. Daly's theatre, it would be almost impossible to prove that the alleged author, whose name it bore at the time of production, was not the real author. We accept current assertions of authorship lightly, he urges; we make no investigation, raise no question, harbor no doubts. In like manner Shakespeare's contemporaries did not doubt or investigate, the intimation being that if they had done so they would have discovered that Shakespeare was not the author of his plays, but took to himself credit for work done by others. It is essentially an argument for the bewilderment of the jury; it is the sophism of the advocate intent upon making his case, not the calm reasoning of the judge trying to discover truth; for the judge may ask himself, Why is it that we do not usually question the truth of the men who profess to be the authors of our plays and books. He must take account of the inherent improbability that an author has consented to let a succession of literary works pass under the name of a man who did not write them. He must reflect that the reason we do not question the genuineness of the alleged authorship of books and plays published in our own time, is because there is no rational occasion to do anything of the kind. The presumption, for example, that Mr. Appleton Morgan is the author of the book before us is so strong, so overwhelming, that nobody living will entertain the thought of addressing a question on the point to the publishers; and yet we have absolutely no evidence of the fact except the implied assertion of the title page, no more evidence, indeed—and no less—than we have that Shakespeare wrote the plays that bear his name. Three hundred years hence it will be as impossible to prove that Mr. Morgan really wrote the book, as it is now to prove that Shakespeare wrote the plays, and for some man of the

twenty-second century to argue that some other lawyer probably wrote it, merely because there is no way of proving that the alleged is the real authorship, will be no more illogical than Mr. Morgan's parallel argument in the Shakespeare case is. As a matter of fact in the case of literary works published with the names of living persons attached, the alleged is the actual authorship so nearly always that the very absence of all question or dispute on the subject, which Mr. Morgan urges as an argument against the probability of Shakespeare's authorship of the plays, falls scarcely short of demonstration, in its strength, as an argument on the other side. We are not debating this question now, however; we are only illustrating Mr. Morgan's method, and showing how entirely it is that of the retained advocate, whose business it is to make the worse appear the better reason. Having done that there remains only the duty of saying a word further in explanation of the scope and tendency of the work. Mr. Morgan examines the several extra Shakespearean theories and expounds each at some length, defending all of them in their denial of Shakespeare's capacity to write the plays; and ends by suggesting the superiority of what we may call the editorship theory, the theory, namely, that Shakespeare was the editor, not the author of the plays, whether originally they came from one or from many hands. Incidentally the work is not without a great deal of interest of a certain sort, although, as we have already intimated, it is a contribution rather to the literature of Shakespearean controversy and speculation than to the graver and worthier literature of Shakespearean criticism."

Another review which attracted my attention was in the Washington Post (April 24th, 1880). I afterwards learned that it was from the pen of Miss Molly Elliott Seawall, since then a brilliant novellist and a valued correspondent, and I hope—friend). The gist of this criticism lay in this sentence—"The author makes the gigantic blunder, common to controversialists, of reasoning by analogy [meaning, of course, of reasoning by analogy in this particular case]. When it is remembered that the Shakespeare plays are without parallel in any literature—that the author, whoever he was, showed a profound unconsciousness of their stupendous value—it is to be assumed that the workings of that mighty intelligence can have no parity with any writer or any mode with which the world is acquainted, etc." I thought and still think that it was wonderful that a young lady conducting the routine book-columns of a general newspaper should, alone of my ninety-three and more Reviewers, have hit upon what is in my judgment actually the strongest logical argument in favor of a pure Shakespeare Authorship! To

wit. We cannot argue that there is no sun in the firmament because there are no other suns, why then should we argue that there was no Shakespeare simply because there was no other, and never has been any other, Shakespeare? These reviews of Mr. Winter and of Miss Seawall and several others convinced me that I had not fully exhausted the matter and so I prepared, and Mr. Clarke published for me, in 1882, a pamphlet "Some Shakespearean Commentators." As to Miss Seawell's argument, I had this to say. Of course we cannot argue that there is no sun because there are no other suns (admitting that there are no others, of course. I am not dealing with astronomical facts). But the Baconian Theory is not that a Shakespeare is an impossibility. The Baconian Theory could not exist were it not for the fact that Shakespeareans write Biographies of the William Shakespeare of Stratford whom they say wrote the Plays. If we had never heard of a human being named William Shakespeare nobody would be in a position to deny that the author of the Plays bore that name. The foundation stone of the Baconian, or of any other anti-Shakespeare, Theory, is the Shakespeareans' biographies of "William Shakespeare!" If one should claim that the spectrum revealed that the sun was composed of green cheese I can conceive that somebody might claim that the spectrum either was at fault or that it had been applied to some other thing than our sun! And then I proceeded to quote to Miss Seawell this passage from Herbert Spencer's Study of Sociology. "True, if you please to ignore all that common observation teaches, if you assume that two European parents may produce a negro child, or that from wooly-haired prograthous Papuans may come a fair straight-haired infant of Caucassian type, you may assume the advent of the great man under any circumstances. —that a Newton might be born in a Hottentot family, a Milton might spring up among the Andamaneese, that a Howard or a Clarkson might have Fiji parents, then you may proceed with facility to explain social progress as caused by the actions of the great man. But if all biological science, enforcing all popular belief, convinces you that by no possibility will an Aristotle come from a father and mother with facial angles of fifty degrees—that out of a tribe of Cannibals, whose chorus in preparation for a feast of human flesh is a kind of rythmical roaring, there is not the remotest chance of a Beethoven arising—then you must admit that the genesis of the Great Man depends on the long series of complex influences which has produced the race in which he appears and into which that race has slowly grown. * * * So that all those changes of which he is the proximate imitator have their chief causes in the generations he is descended from. If there is to be anything like a real explanation of these changes it must be sought in that aggregation of condi-

tions. But even if we were to grant the absurd supposition that the genesis of the great man does not depend on the antecedents furnished by the society he is born in, there would still be left the sufficient facts that he is powerless, in the absence of the material and mental accumulations which no society inherits from the past, etc." Granted, said I, that Shakespeare's progenitors were soldiers, warriors, country gentlemen—or anything you please to claim—no trace could be found of a single heredital influence to make a philosopher or a student trait reappear in William Shakespeare—as his biographers insist us to accept him—from Stratford, and I added, that: when a microscopical search among the private records of Shakepeare's vicinage failed to discover a single inventory filed by an Executor or Administrator which showed a single Book, much less a Library), (although Books were chattels of considerable value in those days) it seemed proved that William Shakespeare was not only without hereditary tendency to literary pursuit, but that even had he been a creation, and not an evolution from his forbears, he would have found himself in what Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps calls "a bookless neighborhood," utterly without opportunity to be what we are told he afterward became. Just so long as the Shakespeareans write biographies of Shakespeare, just so long will there be a Baconian Theory! If the good people of Stratford—instead of destroying the vestiges of their poet piecemeal would burn their town to ashes, and if, into the conflagration could be tossed every biography of Shakespeare that was ever written—the twenty-third century would have no difficulty in believing in a "Shakespeare!"

As to Mr. Winter's proposition that the presumption that William Shakespeare wrote the Plays is quite as strong as that Appleton Morgan wrote "The Shakespearean Myth"—each presumption arising from a name on a title-page, I contented myself with calling Mr. Winter's attention to the statement of George Wither (Schollers Pergatorie, 1625). "If he [the publisher of that date] gets any written matter in his power likely to be vendable, whether the author be willing or not, he will publish it, and it shall be contrived and named also according to his own pleasure. Nay, he often gives books names as will, to his thinking, make them salable, when there is nothing in the whole volume suitable to such a title."

The one new point I made in the Commentators was that, of all these ninety-three reviews, scarcely one forgot to say that the author of that doggerel Paraphrase of the Psalms could not possibly have been a contributor to the Plays! As if, I said, Bacon did not know that they were doggerel! Surely he intended them to be doggerel so that the meanest intellects—the Salvation Army of his day—could bawl them. Does anybody who perceives

that Milton's paraphrase of those same psalms is likewise doggerel, perceive something that a Milton could not perceive? And because some of Lord Chancellor Bacon's terrible nineteenth-twentieth century friends are injudicious enough to whisper his great name in connection with Shapespeare's—even that terrible thing should not lead us to forget that he was still my Lord Bacon—wisest, brightest (even if Mr. Pope did add, "meanest") of mankind.

The Shakespearean Myth, as I have said, ran through three American and one German editions being translated into the latter language by Dr. Karl Muller Myleus.

Indeed I am assured that to this translation, and its scores of reviews in Germany, can be directly traced the numberless books, pamphlets and magazine articles which from that day to this poured, and still pour, from German press, exploiting not only the Baconian but all sorts of anti-Shakespearean theories—to which that favored land is so hospitable. And I am laughing yet in my sleeve to think that that dear old fossil the London "Athenaeum" (which would sooner say its prayers to the Devil than to much as lisp the name "Bacon" in a Shakespearean connection—still less mention the existence of a Baconian book)—actually printed in June, 1885, a flattering two column appreciation of the "Myth" and of myself—addressed to it, as a literary letter from Leipsig, written by Herr David Asher! Similarly I was very proud of a most complimentary mention in a paper "Le Paradox Baconienne" in the "Reveu des Deux Mondes" and proudest of all when Mr. C. A. Dana, Editor of the New York "Sun" wrote me that "if I proposed anything more as good as that"—the Sun would be glad of it as contributed matter. It would be difficult to recall all the friendships or acquaintance which the Myth brought me from those who mostly disagreed with every word of it. A few of those who wrote me on the strength of it were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (whose Baconian convictions—afterwards so frankly expressed—I then first suspected) John Fiske, Richard Grant White, James Freeman Clarke, Augustin Daly, Dion Boucicault, Cushman K. Davis (afterward chief negotiator of the American-Spanish Treaty which made the United States a World-power), Alvey A. Adee, Assistant Secretary of State, and—in Europe—Count Vitzthun d'Eckstadt Austrian Diplomat and scholar residing in Paris, Sir Peter M. Colquhoun of London, Dr. Leo, president of the German Shakespeare Society, and many members of the London Bacon Society—notably Mrs. Pott and Dr. Theobold! That Society also sent me its Diploma of Honorary membership. All these and many more who will mostly appear specially later in this Memoir became

my delightful friends or correspondents. In but one single instance did hostilities threaten by reason of my mild heresies. Dr. W. J. Rolfe, at that time himself tampering with Shakespeare by bowdlerizing his Plays, was unable to take me in any way but as grand serious, and his strictures became so pedagogical not to say piratical that I was obliged to gently suppress that worthy man. He had not the saving faire of Dr. Furness who wrote just as loyal to the great Heads, and to me with his cordial greetings, "Well, we all of us have our salad days!"

Miss Mary A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton, whom I knew, at her farm at Hamilton, Massachusetts, adjoined Appleton Farms), wrote me that her cousin, Hon. James G. Blaine was much interested and wanted to learn of any further papers I should write. My kinsman, "Tom" (Thomas Gold) Appleton, brother of the second Mrs. Henry W. Longfellow, wrote me a long argumentative letter, hoping that I "didn't believe a word of it," and sketched his idea of the evolution of young Shakespeare from the holder of horses, and eventual organizer of a horse-holding Trust outside the Theatre door to a position within the Theatre itself, and so on to share holder, proprietor and ultimate mighty Dramatist. This was one of the few personal letters I answered. I remember asking Mr. Appleton how, while evolving from a horse-boy, and in so early a stage of the evolution, Shakespeare could have produced Love's Labours Lost, in which a king and his noblemen flirt with a Princess and her maids of honor in the courtliest fashion of high circles, and not a slip in etiquette in it all, or the slightest failure of transmittance. He replied by citing the "Venus and Adonis" which Shakespeare must have produced, if he produced it at all—even before his horse-holding days. And I remember that it was this letter which set me seriously to work to produce my "studies in the Warwickshire Dialect"—to prove beyond cavil—what I had already assured myself of and have mentioned above—the absence of an atom of Warwickshire Dialect in the Venus and Adonis and its presence, in words, similes or idioms, in everyone of the Plays. I began the execution of this work four years later in Saint Paul—working at it Sundays when I ought to have—I suppose—been in church. But before it saw the light in its first edition (it ran to four ultimately) in 1885, poor "Tom" Appleton had joined the invisible majority. An accident to my library has deprived me of the names of many gentlemen and ladies I became acquainted with through that first paper—but I remember some of them. I remember also Oran Follett, who as a lad was on the ship Jones, one of Macdonough's fleet in Lake Champlain at his victory over the British in the War of 1812. I made several visits at his fine home in Sandusky, over which his charming granddaughter, Miss

Evelyn Ball, now Mrs. George W. Perkins, presided. He was a gentleman, as we say, of the old school, and in his fine library I spent many an evening. He asked me to procure his membership in the Bacon Society of London, which I was able to do through Mrs. Pott (to be mentioned later) and read me in manuscript his pamphlets, "Who Wrote Shakespeare," (1879) "Willian Shakespeare: His Plays and Poems, Logically and Historically Considered," (1881) and various papers afterwards printed, among them a review of Richard Grant White's "Bacon-Shakespeare Craze," in which he (Mr. White) said "as to treating the question seriously, that is not to be done by men of common sense and moderate knowledge of the subject. . . . it is as certain that William Shakespeare wrote (after the theatrical fashion and under the theatrical conditions of his day) the plays that bear his name as it is certain that Francis Bacon wrote the Novum Organum, &c. (which, giving due emphasis to the parenthicated clause is not far from what I myself had said in the "Myth").

Mr. Follett was an uncompromising Baconian, and if I disappointed him by my merely academic interest in the controversy, rather than as a partizan, he was courteous enough to conceal the fact. No matter on what question we conversed, the great question obtruded. Like John Hill Burton's theory of Dutch Cheeses, which Christopher North said he sat up all night to keep out of Blackwoods Magazine, it got into everything; and after dinner he would say, "Now, come into the study and let us have a night at Bacon!" It was usually all night and a good ways into the morning! The only value I got out of the London Bacon Society was the opportunity of nominating him as a member; a distinction he did not enjoy long, for he died, as he had lived, a rare and courtly gentleman, a few years later.

Another gentleman who wrote me on reading the "Myth," that he didn't believe a word of it, was Mr. Starr Hoyt Nichols, then of Philadelphia but later of New York City—a gentleman of leisure and of the finest timbre, who was easily the most brilliant debater of the since defunct Nineteenth Century Club, founded by my classmate at Columbia Law School, Courtlandt Palmer. Many years afterward I was presiding at a session of the New York Shakespeare Society which admitted Baconians, but on whose floor a Baconian sentiment was rarely heard. When the debate was open to our guests, as was always our custom, a gentleman I had never seen before, stepped into the aisle and presented a clever solution of the question under debate (i. e., the meaning of a certain quotation) by assuming Bacon's authorship of the particular play where the quotation occurred. When he had finished, I remarked from the dais that the Society would pardon any heresy

when it could listen to so graceful a speech. And the gentleman (it was this same Mr. Nichols) replied: "I should not have brought my heresies here had it not been that the book that made a Baconian out of me was written by the gentleman who is now in your Chair. Of course I replied that I had experienced a change of heart. I also met Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) who assured me that, like Charles Dickens, he had always expected that something would turn up regarding William Shakespeare and his Plays, and that he was about half a Baconian himself!

I have also preserved a letter I received dated "Maida Hill Villa—1. a Bloomfield Place, London W., October 1st, 1884," a letter from the venerable William Henry Smith, whose "Letter to the Earl of Elesmere" opened the Baconian ball in England— and converted Palmerston to the Baconian theory. But of course this letter made me proudest of all!

HOLLINBURY COPSE, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, APRIL 19TH, 1899.

Dear Mr. Appleton Morgan:

I have read your Shakespearean Myth with constant interest from beginning to end, and while you would not of course, expect an old student of Shakespeare to agree with a morsel of it, it must be confessed that you have not only produced a readable book but a very remarkable rearrangement of facts into paradoxes for our entertainment. You are so good natured about it all that we cannot quarrel with you if we would, and, as the survivor of a good many quarrels, all of them thrust upon me (none of them, anyhow, invited,) I must thank you for that.

I take the liberty of sending you with my best compliments, a little book of my own of which I beg your acceptance,

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

Accompanying the letter was a presentation copy of its writer's "Memoranda on Hamlet." I had not at this time ever met Dr. Halliwell-Phillips and knew him only as others knew him as the greatest of living Shakespeare students. And I had not been bold enough to send him a copy of the Myth. His letter led to a long and delightful friendship, which lasted to his death, and to his distinguished bequest in his Will to the New York Shakespeare Society, of which I am to speak later.

In leaving the Myth, I may perhaps add that in writing the word Shakespearian I omitted, as habitual with me, to dot the "i" and the printer set it

up "Shakespearean." The rounded out form pleased me, and I let it stand, and have so spelled the adjective ever since. If it was ever so spelled prior to February, 1879, then I am not the author of that form. But I cannot find it so spelled earlier than that date (the date of the appearance of my first paper in Appleton's Journal)—though I must admit that I have not looked very carefully.

Of Edwin Reed I made the acquaintance by correspondence—I have since known him most intimately. And of him and dozens of other Baconian protagonists these memoirs will hereafter speak—if I remain to complete them. In January, 1884, I was called to Saint Paul, Minnesota, upon Northern Pacific Railway business (I was at that time the General Attorney of the Saint Paul and Northern Pacific Railway—and later an Associate Counsel of the Northern Pacific). One day when in that city a card was brought me—"Mr. Ignatius Donnelly."

I saw a short, corpulent little gentleman, sitting with two fat hands folded upon his breast. Clean shaven face and double chin, and sombre garb completed the picture. I remember that he looked to me like a Roman Catholic priest, and I have since heard that his full name was Ignatius Loyola Donnelly, and that he was educated for the Catholic priesthood though he studied law in Philadelphia in the office of Benjamin Harris Brewster (afterwards attorney general of the United States, and was admitted to practice at the Bar of that city, before coming to Minnesota—where he was always prominent in political life, being Lieutenant Governor for many terms—United States Representative and member repeatedly of the State Legislature.

After the ordinary greetings Mr. Donnelly said: "Mr. Morgan, I have read your 'Shakespearean Myth.' I want to say to you that what you hesitated about I can prove beyond a doubt—that is, the absolute writing by Bacon of those plays."

I replied that it was the most interesting literary question in the world, but that, in my opinion, it was impossible of definite settlement otherwise than as at present settled in most men's minds, one way or the other as they happened to be constituted: that the deepest study, externally, of the Plays would never develop more, if anything, than that Shakespeare's opportunities to obtain references to the lore contained in the plays—the law, medicine, &c., &c., were larger than at present supposed; and more to that effect. Mr. Donnelly replied: "Mr. Morgan, Delia Bacon said that she thought she had detected a cipher in the Plays. I have found that cipher and I want you to share with me the honor of the discovery." He then outlined roughly in general terms all that which in the second part of "The Great Cryptogram" is

given as "the cipher narrative." I listened most carefully, and as he proceeded, with still greater reluctance to express any opinion at all. For Mr. Donnelly was so calmly fervent, and seemed to me struggling quite as hard to understate instead of overstate his discoveries, as I was struggling to repress my incredulity. In fact, we both became silent—seemed to silence each other, as it were, and the conversation turned as if by common consent to other matters. I spoke of "Ragnarok" and told him that I had been thinking about it ever since, and that if he had not called on me I should have sought him out before I left Minnesota and expressed my desire to learn more of how he had started upon the subject—that I laid great weight upon the circumstances which first brought a subject to one's mind, because, especially in writing the "Myth," I had learned how one's mind, if turned into a certain channel of research, was apt to see confirmations in items which, separated from the impression, would not justify such a construction at all! Mr. Donnelly acquiesced in that, but said that he had tried in the present case (and I understood him to allude to the cipher) to escape from the conviction. That he had been first convinced of the Baconian authorship by Delia Bacon's book, and that when he found that she said "she thought she perceived evidences of a cipher in the Plays," he started to look for it, but soon found the matter beyond him. But one day he chanced to open a book in which there was a chapter on cryptography, where it was noted that the most famous and complex cipher perhaps ever devised was by Lord Bacon. "It at once flashed upon me," he said, "that if Bacon wrote the plays anonymously, he would certainly have left himself some means of proving his authorship in case he should ever wish to claim them—and this—coupled with Miss Bacon's hint, set me at work." "I answered that he must not give Miss Bacon any further credit than that of the general claim, that she certainly never stooped to offer to prove it, by specifications—and that in my opinion, she meant by "cipher" only that, by reading between the lines as it were, a system of philosophy could be extracted. Indeed, that was the title of her book: "The Philosophy of the Plays Unfolded." Mr. Donnelly, however, insisted that his idea of a cipher came from Miss Bacon, and he then narrated to me (practically as he narrates it on pages 502-58 of his book, "The Great Cryptogram,") how he finally discovered it lurking in the First Folio. He then asked me to spend the next Sunday with him at Nininger—near Hastings, about an hour from Saint Paul—where he would show me the conformation of surface which led him to reject the Drift theory and to believe that the earth had at some remote period been struck by a comet, and that it was a comet that caused the Chicago fire, and the huge fires in Michigan and

Wisconsin, hundreds of miles from Chicago, in the year 1870, at precisely the same hours of the same day (as he had maintained in "Ragnarok.") He asked me if I had ever read "Atlantis" which he thought a more carefully written book than "Ragnarok." On my saying that I had not, he presented me a copy of that work. (The proposition is that the theory that a continent between Africa and South America sank into what is now the bed of the Atlantic Ocean between those continents could be proved by the pre-historic working of the Michigan copper mines, traces of which workings were then unmistakably visible, &c.). And Mr. Donnelly hammers at it with his characteristic energy of conviction.

Mr. Donnelly met me with his carriage at Hastings on the appointed Saturday, and drove me to his farm at Nininger. (He was called in Minnesota, "The Sage of Nininger.") I met the first Mrs. Donnelly, who was then living (she died many years later and Mr. Donnelly married again) and also their daughter, whose married name I now forget. Both were musical, and after dinner we went to the piano and enjoyed the younger lady's singing, while the elder lady accompanied her, or played on the piano herself. But all the time I was dreaming of those terrible cipher disclosures to come, in which I already felt particeps criminis! Mr. Donnelly was very patient and finally at twelve o'clock or so we adjourned to his library. It was a large room, all the books were piled on the floor in opposite corners. It was the only book-room I ever saw where there were no bookshelves. "Those are the books I used in writing 'Atlantis,'" said Mr. Donnelly, pointing to a considerable pile of books in one corner. "Those are the books I used in writing 'Ragnarok.'" (Pointing to a pile about the same size in another corner.) There were not many books on Shakespeare, and all the Baconian books had been cut for "copy" in preparing the "Great Cryptogram." Several preliminary chapters, in the manuscript of which there were pasted clippings from my "Myth," the "Prognathous Papuan" quotation from Herbert Spencer from my "Commentators" among them, Mr. Donnelly read to me. Mr. Donnelly told me the "cipher" itself existed in a large pile of bits of paper, backs of envelopes, fragments of letters, slips from writing pads and whatnot, all black (or rather purple, for Mr. Donnelly used a peculiar shade of purple ink which I think I should recognize anywhere, if I ever came across it again) with figures. And there was a copy of the Staunton Reprint of the First Folio, (at that time Mr. Donnelly informed that he had never seen an original First Folio) in which certain pages were also purple with figures. This was the only book I saw in his library by the way, which had not been cut ruthlessly for "copy," a proceeding which rather shocked me,

for I think a lover of books will rather give away books he does not value, than mutilate them; while all books are, to the man who uses them, of value; if not for reference then for reference to other reference—as one often when looking for an authority remembers where that authority has been cited by somebody else, and can get access to it in that round-about way. Mr. Donnelly, for some reason, had saved every one of these bits of paper on which he had figures. I wondered why, but said nothing—the package looked like a cotton bale as pressed on the plantation before put into a steam-press to prepare for shipment. We sat well into the small hours over some excellent Minnesota bottled beer, talking over Bacon matters generally, and when we retired, I said: "If I haven't said much about the cipher it is not because I was not thinking hard about it, and sooner or later I will tell you what I think." This seemed to satisfy him.

On Sunday we all went on a drive over his farm and elsewhere, and I spent a pleasant evening with the ladies at the piano. On Monday morning the carriage was at the door to take me to the train when Mr. Donnelly said: "Well, Mr. Morgan, the time is nearly up, and you haven't really said a word about the work."

"No, but I have been thinking," I replied, "and am ready now. Let us go into the library."

I went over to the bale of calculations, laid my hand on it, and said: "Mr. Donnelly, I know less than anybody about this thing, and I cannot even guess what you have elicited. But this I wish to say: I wrote my 'Myth' in all seriousness, as an attempt to argue out the truth, or at least the probabilities, if possible, from the scanty but exactly known facts, not from any conviction of this Baconian authorship, or even a predilection for it. My argument, such as it is, has been in print in two forms for eight years. In all that time it has been treated seriously, and I have never heard or read a word of comment which did not admit that I had been conservative and accurate and fair, and I don't want to do or say anything that will change this situation. But I can be, nevertheless, of some service to you. I appreciate how a sincere man who believes that he has made a revolutionary discovery will tremble to think that somebody may have anticipated him—the more palpable it appears to him the more he will worry lest somebody else has perceived it, and by announcing it first, make all his own labor useless. Now, my advice is: File a caveat! In other words, announce that on a certain date you have discovered a certain thing, and that you will furnish the details at an early opportunity. I will, for example, be willing to sign a statement that

you made such a claim and showed me the evidences of your studies to elucidate it, on a certain day, if you will answer me one question:"

"Ask it," said Mr. Donnelly. "Have you," I said, "found a rule of counting which, when applied to the text of the Plays, or to as many Plays as you have examined, will bring out coherent sentences, forming a narrative or fragment of a narrative or of narratives? I don't mean to ask what the narratives are, only are they apparent?"

Mr. Donnelly hesitated a moment and then said:

"Mr. Morgan, I assure you solemnly on my honor, that I have found such a rule." "An invariable rule?" I said. "An invariable rule!" he answered. "Then," I said, "the matter is closed. Draft the statement you want me to sign."

A few days after I received the statement by mail, had it copied with a few alterations, (which Mr. Donnelly said made it stronger,) and signed it. Mr. Donnelly gave it to the Associated Press and I subsequently read it in print in several newspapers. Subsequently he asked me to preserve his confidence as to the cipher and I asked him if he meant that I should not mention the matter at all to anybody, or that, if appealed to by reason of the publication I had signed, I should decline to discuss it. He said: "I mean that you will not print any opinion on the merits of my discovery until after my book describing it is published." "Do you wish me to refrain from mentioning it in private correspondence?" "Certainly not," he said. "I should like to write to Mrs. Pott about it as she is deeply interested in such matters." "By all means write to Mrs. Pott. She is the very person I should wish to know all about it in advance of publication," he answered.

A few days afterward I wrote Mrs. Pott, stating Mr. Donnelly's claims. I fully acquainted her with my own incredulity, if not positive conviction, that the cipher was impossible, but introducing Mr. Donnelly himself in the highest terms as a zealous Baconian, and a man of standing and importance in his own vicinage, where he had occupied many positions of trust and influence, and as a delightful and amiable gentleman (I also sent Mr. Donnelly a formal letter of introduction to her, in case he should visit London). Mrs. Pott replied, and to my surprise, said that she had been expecting something of the sort, and was fully prepared to accept the cipher when it was described to her. Even then I did not suspect that when it should be described she would accept it without the closest and most deliberate scrutiny. A few days after my return to New York I received a visit from Professor Thomas Davidson, whom I had never met before. He stated that on the appearance of my statement he was employed by the New York World to

visit Mr. Donnelly at Hastings, Minnesota, and fully inspect the cipher as far as it had gone for detailed description in that newspaper. Seeing that I had been placed under bonds not to describe the cipher until Mr. Donnelly's book was published, I was rather surprised when Mr. Davidson told me that he had spent several days with Mr. Donnelly, who had explained every detail of the cipher to him, and that he had Mr. Donnelly's full authority to describe it in an article in the World, and so was rather reticent. I did, however, ask Mr. Davidson what he thought about the matter.

"Well, he has found something," he said. "I think he could make over what he has discovered into an interesting historical novel." "That occurred to me, too," I said, "and that is the advice that they gave to Delia Bacon under precisely similar circumstances." Mr. Davidson subsequently printed his experiences at Mr. Donnelly's home in the World, laying particular stress upon the enormous bulk of Mr. Donnelly's collection of bits of paper, &c. (which I have just described,) which made a package he tried to lift but could not (Upon which some London newspaper commented "He lifted, and was convinced.") This Davidson statement was rather in favor of the probability of the cipher, I thought, and so it seems to have been understood. At any rate, when "The Great Cryptogram" was published, it contained in the chapter "The Baconians" a portrait of Mr. Davidson and a laudatory notice if him which said "He came to my home believing that William Shakespeare was undoubtedly the writer of the plays. He left convinced that this was almost impossible, and since then, in numerous newspaper articles he has presented most powerful arguments in support of his views. Only a great man could overcome in a few hours the prejudices of a lifetime. Only an honest man would dare avow the change. Professor Davidson is both." Since Professor Davidson's death I have seen it denied that he believed that Bacon wrote the Plays. He made no attempt to conceal or deny it in his interview with me.

I had left Mr. Donnelly with a conviction that whatever the fate of the "Cipher" Mr. Donnelly himself was sincere in believing in it. If in what follows there is reason to doubt if Mr. Donnelly, once embarked in its service, was able to resist the temptation of adjusting it to meet objections. I can only assure the reader that I give the exact facts from memoranda made at the moment.

I had not been back in New York City many days when I received a long letter of thirty or forty pages written in Mr. Donnelly's usual autograph and remarkable purple ink, giving in extenso a long narrative which he said he had translated from the cipher. He asked me to read it and send it to Mrs.

Pott in London. The narrative related among other things that when Bacon's authorship was discovered he fled to the Continent, first sending his confidential servant, Henry Percy, to tell Shakespeare that he must also flee the realm; that the matter would soon blow over but that meanwhile he must not be found by the emissaries of the Queen, who was indignant at the Richard the Second matter, and Heywood's pamphlet which she regarded as openly inciting her subjects to revolt and depose her as Richard the Second had been. And that Percy dined at New Place; that the dinner was mouldy and nasty, and that they drank "bitter beer." In transmitting it to Mrs. Pott I explained the situation—especially—(though, as I was very much engrossed in important matters, perhaps not fully) pointing out how Mr. Donnelly had furnished in this letter a complete exposé of the impossibility of the cumulative value to the authorship question of his cipher, since this narrative, even if it was in the First Folio, was circumstantially out of the question; that Bacon did not absent himself from England at that date; that Shakespeare was not at Stratford-on-Avon at that date; that New Place had not been purchased at that date; that there was no "bitter beer" (which is another name for Bass' Ale, &c., &c.) at that date—and so on. But Mrs. Pott, on receipt of this very letter,—and before—on account of its length alone—she could have had time to do more than read it, (could certainly not have had time to verify it), wrote me an extravagant eulogy of it and absolutely accepted it as the very unanswerable and final demonstration of the truth of the Baconian theory.

Soon after "The Nineteenth Century" for May, 1886 (Vol. XIX, p. 707) printed an article by "Percy M. Wallace" (I suppose a pen name) which, except in the few preliminary lines, I recognized as Mr. Donnelly's letter to me which I had sent to Mrs. Pott, and here, sure enough, was the "bitter beer" on Shakespeare's table at Stratford. On page 874 of "The Great Cryptogram" this item reads, "bottled ale." (But thereby hangs the tale I am obliged, by the length of this chapter, to put aside for another instalment.) This "Percy M. Wallace" article set the small world agog, and, from that time to the publication of Mr. Donnelly's book, was the book's avant courier, and the biggest advertisement that a forthcoming volume ever had. It was remarkable, too, I thought, that, whereas the discovery of the "cipher" (as related above) had been announced by the Associated Press, through me in 1885, and fallen altogether unnoticed, its announcement in a British magazine attracted instant attention. If this is only proving once more that nothing in the way of letters or concerning literary matter could attract attention in the United States, unless first guaranteed under an English imprint; it

seems that, as Bronson Howard's billionaire in "Aristocracy" had to buy an English castle and entertain Royalty, before he could break into American "society," so we must send out literary discoveries to England and get them back visé-ed! I hope to add further memoranda as to the fate of the Donnelly Cryptogram—and an account of my visit to Judge Holmes—and his interesting verdicts upon Mr. Donnelly's cipher, in another chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

APPLETON MORGAN.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

[Obit. August 30th, 1907.]

When a mere local London actor, who had never played outside of England, one David Garrick, died, he was fortunate in having as a friend the sententious Dr. Johnson, who announced that "Garrick's death has eclipsed the gayety of nations." A careful reading of contemporary accounts of Garrick's acting—of his stage devices to heighten effects and his sacrificing of his author to himself—will convince us that his unearned fame rests more securely in Dr. Johnson's praise than in his own abilities or achievements, however eminent.

But it needs no epigram to perpetuate with those who saw Richard Mansfield, his genius, his intolerance of anything but perfection and his exquisite art! Mr. Mansfield was never without his purpose, even in impersonating characters with which the stage was familiar. If, for example, he conceived that Richard the Third was not in all things the Moloch incarnate that Shakespeare made him out to please his Queen, then he was to be represented as more of an Iago in subtleness, and so Mr. Mansfield did portray him. And all who saw Mr. Mansfield's rendition of the part will remember how delicately he played a character that for its entire stage life has been portrayed as the robust incarnation of hate and malignity! And if Shylock, however he wanted to catch Antonio on the hip, in his last trial he was a martyr to his faith, and in stately contrast to the Jew-baiting and irresponsible fops who spent their time in shooting one arrow after another, both of which were borrowed: Mr. Mansfield made Shylock loom up as a hero—as a man who will not only scorn "three times the sum," but will not lay perjury on his soul, not for Venice! This was Mr. Mansfield's conception of the Jew that Shakespeare drew, to which his letter, presented as fac simile to this issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA refers.

And what Mr. Mansfield strove for in Shakespeare parts—that he strove

for in every part he played. In Beau Brummel—in The Devil's Disciple, and in an hundred more besides, in Peer Gynt (who will play those many parts for us now?)—he detected the shade of character—often subtile and illusive—which differentiated each from each, and played THAT!

There was no ponderous phrase-making Dr. Johnson to announce that the death of Richard Mansfield had "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." And yet the hyperbole would have been far less extravagant in his case than it was in Garrick's. But the fact that not a Metropolitan newspaper in an English-speaking country failed to express its sense of loss, and of the loss of the stage and of English people—is better than many big Johnsonian phrases.

The name of Richard Mansfield is one that Dramatic History will not willingly let die.

DEPARTMENT OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM

Conducted by EDWARD MERTON DEY, ESQ.

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"TEMPEST," I. ii. 144-168.—

Pros. . . . . . .
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; . .
Mir. *How came we ashore?*
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Liddell, although printing with a period after "divine," says: 'divine' in Fo. 1 is followed by a comma, which modern editors alter to a period: but 'By providence divine' seems to include Gonzalo's ministrations."

The period after "divine," as suggested by Pope, instead of the comma of the folios, seems justified, although objected to by Knight and others. "By Providence divine" does not refer to food, water, etc.; the coming ashore, escaping wind and wave, after having been borne some leagues to sea and placed in "a rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged, nor tackle, sail nor mast," was by Providence divine. Miranda's question "How came we ashore?"

would not have been answered by saying that, providentially, they had some food, some fresh water, &c., in view of the unseaworthy nature of their boat and in the absence of all means of locomotion. A few creature comforts would not have brought them ashore. Note (V. VIII. 160-1) that Prospero says he "most strangely upon this shore was landed." The pause, in reverence, after the short line "By Providence divine," before the statement of their indebtedness to Gonzalo, indicates a break in the thought.

E. M. D.

"Romeo and Juliet," I. ii. 26-30.—

> Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
> When well-apparell'd April on the heel
> Of limping winter treads, even such delight
> Among fresh female buds shall you this night
> Inherit at my house;

It does not appear that anyone has called attention to the particular expression which indicates the propriety of reading *yeoman,* as suggested by Johnson, for "young men" of the original. There is evidently a comparison between the sensations of the dwellers in field and forest and those promised Paris as a guest at the feast. We find convincing proof of this in "female buds," the counterpart of spring buds ("well-apparell'd April"). It is yeoman, with their close dependence upon nature, who watch for and become elated over spring buds. If, as Dowden remarks, "Malone happily compares Sonnets, XCVIII—

> 'When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,' "

it is unnecessary to read the redundant expression, "young men" (and particularly "*lusty* young men") since all have become young in spirit through the "comfort" of the season. Even from this point of view the adjective "lusty" would supply the idea of youthful vigor and permit the use of the broader term "yeomen." The necessity of using a fitting term for each part of the comparison shows the propriety of adopting Johnson's emendation. The misprint of "young men" for "yeomen" is not unexampled. In a subsequent act of this very play, as Ritson points out, quoted by Furness, "young" is twice printed for "yew."

E. M. D.

"Love's Labour's Lost," V. i. 37-46:—

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.
Hol. Most military sir, salutation.
Moth. (Aside to Costard) . . . . .
Cost. . . . . .
Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

In mock recognition of the peculiar form of the exchange of courtesies between Armado and Holofernes, Moth, I believe, instead of the meaningless "peale" of the old copies, uses the word *parle*.

"Love's Labour's Lost," V. ii. 750-53:—

The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process could not arbitrate.

In "extremely forms" the idea of completeness, finality, seems prominent. The extreme of the formative process is suddenly reached—an ultimate stage of "All causes," corresponding to "the extreme parts of time," and adapted to "the purpose of his speed." It is as though the intermediate formative steps of "causes" had been skipped with the abrupt termination of given periods of time. This adjustment is rather happy and free than otherwise, and without opposition such as is implied in "unflinchingly, inexorably, severely, relentlessly," suggested by Furness as the meaning of "extremely." I believe we should retain the correspondence between "extreme" and "extremely," the extreme parts of time being matched by causes which are formed extremely, or which take on extreme forms.

E. M. D.

"The Winter's Tale," I. ii. 11-14.—

I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly."

In the same scene, 11. 30-2, Hermione says to Leontes:—

Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The bygone day proclaimed.

Rolfe explains: "O that no nipping winds at home may blow, to make me say," &c. The construction of the sentence, however, is squarely against such an exclamatory paraphrase. The text is not "That it may blow," but "That may blow," a dependent clause that cannot properly be taken alone.

The news from Bohemia was of an assuring nature, if it could be credited, but Polixenes is disturbed by doubts on the subject: "I am questioned by my fears as to what (evils) may chance or breed upon our absence, that (said evils) may blow no sneaping (nipping) winds at home (give no timely warning to those in authority at home, such as being reported) to make us say, 'This is put forth too truly' (to conform us in our expressed fears)."

Instead of wishing that no nipping winds at home might blow, Polixenes was fearful that some growing cause for disturbance would *not* blow nipping winds and give opportunity to guard against adverse conditions before the storm should burst upon his kingdom in all its fury.

E. M. D.

"The Winter's Tale," I. ii. 74-5.—

> The imposition clear'd
> Hereditary ours.

Rolfe: "'That is, setting aside *original sin;* bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven' (Warburton). Furness thinks it means that 'the boys were so innocent that they were cleared of even hereditary sin.'"

But it was not original sin that Polixenes was disclaiming for himself and Leontes. He makes the plain distinction between hereditary (original) sin and that which might have been of their own commission.

"The imposition clear'd (the adding to, imposition of anything upon, original sin having been clear'd by our answering boldly 'Not guilty') hereditary ours (only the sin which was hereditary could be imputed to us)."

Warburton confuses the thought in stating "imposition from the offence of our first parents." It is not original (hereditary) sin that constitutes the imposition, but the sins committed by Polixenes and Leontes, these sins being imposed upon original sin. Nor, is it to be supposed that the boys were cleared of hereditary sin. It is plainly stated in the text that hereditary sin remains after the boys have been cleared of the imposed sins.

E. M. D.

MARGINALIA

THE CONTINUOUS VISITS TO OUR SHORES AND REMOTEST TERRITORY OF AN obscure British stage manager (with a company of actors as to whose talents there may—or may not— be two opinions) to present "Shakespeare Without Scenery" at popular prices, were in danger of misleading this people. Of course "Shakespeare Without Scenery" is more economical for the management than Shakespeare With Scenery. And frugality is wealth! But when this thrift is justified on the ground that Shakespeare's theatres were without shifting or practicable scenery or properties, a more accurate scholarship might demur. That the aforesaid unscenic stage-manager or his equivalent has been spreading a like strutting confusion in British precincts, we infer from a paper in a late Fortnightly Review from the pen of the alert Mrs. Stopes, calling attention to the numberless entries in Henslowe's Diary, in the Accounts of lord Chamberlains, Masters of the Revels, in town account books and private memoranda galore, mentioning payments for devices and contrivances; practicable trees, clouds, hellmouths and what not, all indicating that, so far from there being no stage effects in Elizabethan days—there was a plethora of them. And if Mrs. Stopes had consulted the Bankside Shakespeare introduction to Titus Andronicus (VII, p. 22), Mrs. Stopes would have found a list occupying three 8vo. pages of five-point type of properties (other than firearms or other weapons, which, of course, were plentiful) used in the *mise en scene* of Shakespeare plays alone. (And if Dr. Morgan could not resist including in the list the little black baby produced by Aaron in the last act, because just at about the time he was preparing it Messrs. Harrigan and Hart were running one of their old Mulligan plays, where a bright-eyed little pickaninny in arms always brought down the house, who shall complain?) The main reason why the "Shakespeare without scenery" enterprise is objectionable, however, is that it is not only unhistoric but is a mere arbitrary selection of disabilities. Elizabethan playhouses were no more plentifully lacking in practicable scenery than they were in costumery or in seating or in lighting or heating facilities, or in hundreds of other details!

To present a Shakespeare play with a perfect vraisemblance the actor should wear his blouse and statute cap (though doubtless the sumptuary laws

of the date might not have prevented his tacking on any bit of finery or "humor of forty fancies" he might have been able to achieve), and the play should be performed in an inn yard with the bouquet of the stables most perceptible, and horses and carts about, and 'ostlers and stable boys at their duties in close vicinity. Or in a roofless auditorium with a rabblement in the howling pit, a few best seats in the galleries, favored spectators crowding in among the actors, an unpopular actor or two tossed in blankets, a torch in a cresset toward the close if the afternoon were dark, etc. To merely omit one feature of all these does not inform, but sadly misinforms, our audiences. Why not frankly state that scenery is omitted because it is the most economical omission that can be made?

And we are far too loyal Shakespeareans to admit Mrs. Stopes's claim that the opulence of modern scenic effect detracts from the splendor of Shakespeare's pictorial diction. Mrs. Stopes is not the only one—the irrepressable Sidney Lee is another—who maintains such a proposition. But to this date nothing is too splendid for Shakespeare. Shakespeare mounted his plays with the best that his day had in property and in *mise en scene*. And it preserves, instead of destroying, the perspective when we do the same in our day. When Augustin Daly showed us the interior of Ford's house in The Merry Wives it would not have given us the idea Shakespeare meant us to have of the well-to-do Windsor merchant's living room if Mr. Daly had strewn the floor with rushes. But doubtless as a matter of fact even the floor in Elizabeth's palaces might have been strewn with rushes.

Our objection to "Shakespeare without scenery," therefore, is that it creates an entirely and completely erroneous idea of the Perspective. Shakespeare's text will abundantly carry any magnificence we can give it (though, it, certainly the on famous Mrs. John Gilpin's principle that "though on pleasure she was bent she had a frugal mind," is in all respects admirable).

But it is with sheer and almost speechless amazement, almost with stupefaction, that we read this passage from Professor Walter Raleigh's "Shakespeare," just printed in "The English Men of Letters Series." Speaking of the custom of giving the female parts to boys, Professor Raleigh says:

The boys were no doubt highly trained, so that the parts of Rosalind and Desdemona may well have been rendered with a clarity and simplicity which served as a transparent medium for the author's wit and pathos. . . . It may be doubted whether Shakespeare has not suffered more than he has gained by the genius of latter day actresses, who bring into the plays a realism and a robust emotion which sometimes obscure the poetic value of the

author's conception. . . . With the disappearance of the boy players the poetic drama died in England, and it has had no second life (page 120).

Imagine any one but a university professor—imagine even a university professor—writing such a passage as that! And as to the learned professor's approval of the institution of boy players, it is charitable, I suppose, to infer that he was not aware that the poor little fellows were forced to wear their ladies' dresses not only and always upon the stage alone! And that above all he has not read the pamphlet of 1569, "The Children of the Chapel Stript and Whipt!"

Some of us had supposed that the unspeakable thing was well abolished even if at the great cost of having "the poetic drama in England go out with the boy players, and have no second life." But to that proposition—that the English Poetic Drama died when the Boy Players nuisance was abated—we doubt if Prof. Raleigh will find anybody but himself to assent. Professor Raleigh may have been misled by the present vogue of the dialogues on socialism and other social problems which Mr. G. Bernard Shaw calls "My Plays." We admit that these "Plays" are not exactly Poetic Drama. But even the vogue for these may pass, as passed the vogue of Children's Companies and like enormities.

We record with regret the death in London December 12th, 1906, of Mr. William J. Craig, editor of the Oxford Shakespeare, editor-in-chief of the Arden Shakespeare, published in this country by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Mr. Craig was born in 1843, in the North of Ireland, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was for a time Professor of the English Language and Literature at University College, Aberystwith. His published work included the Oxford Shakespeare, already mentioned; (particularly attractive little pocket edition of Shakespeare, in forty volumes, published by Methuen;) and the King Lear in the Arden edition. At his death, he was working upon a Coriolanus, for the same series. Mr. Craig's great work, however, was a colossal Shakespearean Glossary, to which he had given the most of his time for the last twelve years, and for which he had accumulated an immense mass of material. It is to be hoped that these collections may yet be made available to scholars by publication.

The New York Shakespeare Society announces with regret the death in Worcester, Massachusetts, of Alfred Waites, Esq., a valued Corresponding member of the Society. Mr. Waites was born in 1843, in Gloucester, England, and was educated in the Grammar School of Kings College of that city, an ancient institution the quaint customs of which he was always fond of recalling. He used to assert that, on

certain extra-exuberant occasions, the boys would make their way into the crypt of Gloucester Cathedral and affect to play football with the skulls of Cromwell's soldiers that had been left scattered there. He went at an early age to Calcutta and entered into business there, afterwards embarking in business at Boston and finally at Worcester, Massachusetts, in which city he had resided at his death more than forty years. Mr. Waites was a gentleman of unusual information in the field of Shakespeare biography and environment and it led him to seek membership in the New York Shakespeare Society, which subordinates textual to this Higher Criticism of Shakespearean matters. He contributed to the Society many unique monographs on by-paths of Shakespeare technics; and he had no sneers too sardonic for the Baconian Theory, which seemed to him based upon a collection of easily explained coincidences. Among these monographs was the brilliant Introduction to the Bankside Richard the Second in which he maintained an ingenious theory of the episode of the presentation of that "treasonable play" at the time of Essex's insubordination.

As we intimated was likely, Mr. A. M. Speilman, who discovered the painting of the youthful Shakespeare, hastens to rescue himself from the sponsorship. He writes to Putnam's Monthly in part as follows: The statement as to the discovery and value of the alleged portrait of Shakespeare as a youth was a piece of Journalistic bluff—for which the owners appear to be in no ways responsible. The only foundation of the ingenious story is this: Being engaged in an exhaustive work on the portraits of Shakespeare, I wrote to the Misses Ludgate (as I have written to scores of other owners of pictures with Shakespearean claims) in respect to the same portrait, lent years ago to the Shakespeare memorial in Stratford-on-Avon; and at my request they courteously had a photograph taken and forwarded to me. Judging only from the photograph, as I made it clear, I said that the picture appeared to me an interesting one, and so far as I could tell a genuine painting of the time to which it apparently belongs. But as to its claim to be a likeness of Shakespeare I said not a word, and not a word that allowed it to be thought that I accepted it as such. Then an enterprising journalist in the north of England got hold of it, and in that breeze the strange story was puffed to the four quarters of the kingdom. The panel on which the picture is painted has been, it seems, in the family of the Misses Ludgate, on the mother's side, for five or six generations—a date respectably remote, but not carrying us much further back than the year 1730. To whom did it belong before that date? Thereafter, we are assured, it hung in a farmhouse belonging to the Duke of Grafton, and in the possession of a yeoman named Smith, the maternal

ancestor of the present owners, until its removal to the Bridgewater Arms by Mrs. Ludgate (*nêe* Smith) on the death of her husband. Tradition has it that "Old Mat," as the picture was called in the family, was at one time in the possession of a Duke of Grafton himself; if so, how came he to part with so precious a treasure to one of his simple yeomen?

But doubts of a more solid kind are awakened when we are asked to accept this picture as a portrait of Shakespeare. It must be borne in mind that the painting of a man's portrait was a serious thing in the sixteenth century; nobles and men of wealth indulged in it, and men of distinction would sit to painters for their portraits. But Shakespeare—what was his position at the time? We know nothing of him then, except that he was attached to the theatre, that he was engaged in the theatre—at that time considered no very reputable place—in a servile position; he may not have risen to be call-boy. Is it credible that a youth so occupied, in an inglorious vocation, should have had his portrait painted in a manner usually reserved for men and women of position or established reputation? It has been asserted that the picture agrees closely with the "Welcombe portrait" of Shakespeare. So it does, as to pose and as to drawing of the left eye. There the resemblance ceases. But were the likeness complete it would signify nothing; for the Welcombe portrait has no real claim to genuineness, not even the all-needful antiquity. The appeal ad hominem, therefore, falls to the ground, and the Grafton picture, in my opinion, must be entered in that large category of Shakespeare portraits which are genuine portraits—of somebody else!" And Mr. Speilman adds that it seems likely on close inspection that the lettering W.X.S. on the back of the panel is a brand of more recent date than the picture itself. So much, however tardily, for Mr. Speilman and Shakespeare at the age of twenty-two!

Books Received

263. The Struggle for a Free Stage in London. By Watson Nicholson, M. A., Ph.D., Instructor in English in Yale University. 12mo., cloth, pp. 475. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

266. Aus Shakespeare's Meisterwerkstatt. Shlgeschichliche studien von George Sarrezin. 8vo., paper, pp. 226. Berlin. Druck and Verlag von George Reimer (5 marks).

261. The Critics versus Shakespeare. A Brief for Defendant. By Francis A. Smith of Counsel. 12mo., cloth, pp. 128. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

262. The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Translated from the German of Karl Werder. By Elizabeth Wilder, with an introduction by W. J. Rolfe. 12mo., cloth, pp. 223. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press.

267. The Sherburn Ballads, 1585-1616. Edited from the MS., by Andrew Clark, Honorary Fellow of Lincoln College. With forty illustrations from Black-letter copies. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 380. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde.

268. The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Copyright Edition. Vol. IV. Peer Gynt. A Dramatic Poem translated by William and Charles Arthur. With Introduction by William Archer. 12mo., cloth, pp. 380. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

269. Abelard and Heloise. By Ridgely Torrance. 12mo., cloth, pp. 216. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

270. The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Austin Dobson. Cloth, 12mo., pp. xxxvi—128. New York, London and Edinburgh: Henry Frowde.

271. Der Wehle Shakespeare. Das Newe Shakespeare evangelium Shakespeare, tragi-comedie in 5 Acten. Von 1 Carl Bleibtreu. Leipsic and Muncken: Georg Muller. cloth, 12mo., pp. 130.

272. Shakespeare, England's Ulysses: The Masque of Love's Labor Won, or the Enacted Will. Dramatised from the Sonnets of 1609 by Latham Davis. 8vo., cloth, pp. 440. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. Portraits of Robert Devereux, Second Earl of Essex.

277. Shakespeare's Church, otherwise the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity of Stratford-on-Avon: An architectural and Ecclesiastical History of the Fabric and its Ornaments. By J. Harvey Bloom, M. A. Illustrated by L. C. Keighly—Peach. 12mo., cloth, pp. 300. London: T. Fisher Unwin. A. Wessells Company, Brooklyn and New York.

278. The Principles of Engilsh Verse. By Charlton M. Lewis: Sanford, Professor of English in Yale University. 12mo., cloth, pp. 142. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

279. John Webster: The Periods of his Work as determined by the Relations to the Drama of his day. By Elmer Edgar Stoll, A. M., Ph.D. 8vo., paper facsimiles, pp. 210. Boston and Cambridge: The Hartford Cooperative Society.

280. Collectianea. First Series. Richard Burbage Marlowe and Shakepeare. Ben Jonson's method of composing Verse. John Webster and Sir Philip Sianey. Edmund Spencer "Locrine" and "Selimus." The authorship of Arden of Fevershaw. By Charles Crawford. Cloth, sm, 12mo., pp. 136. Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press.

281. Collectanea. Second Series. Montaigne, Webster, Marston, Sonne and Webster. The Bacon-Shakespeare Question. Cloth, sm 12mo., pp. 134. Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press.

282. Beatrix of Claire. A Romance. By John Read Scott. Illustrations in colour. 12mo., cloth, pp. 300. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

283. Alladine and Palomides. Interior. The Death of Lintagiles. Three Little Dramas for Marionettes. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Cloth, Sg. 8vo., pp. 126. London: Duckworth & Co.

284. The Seamy Side. A Story of the True Conditions of Things Theatrical. By one who has spent twenty years among them. 12mo., cloth, pp. 312. Boston: The Percy Ives Publishing Company.

257. Shakespeare and the Modern Stage and other Essays. By Sidney Lee. 8vo., cloth, pp. 241. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

273. English Men of Letters Series: Shakespeare. By Walter Raleigh. Fellow of Magdalen College and Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 227. New York: The MacMillan Company.

274. Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages. By Joseph S. Tunison. 12mo., cloth, pp. 350. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

275. The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George

Pierce Baker, Professor of English in Harvard University. 12mo., cloth, pp. 330. New York: The Macmillan Company.

276. Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft im aufrage des vorstandes herausgegeben von Alois Brandl und Wolfgang Keller. Dreiun dvierzigster jahrgang. 8vo., cloth, pp. 492. Berlin-Schoenburg: Langensc scheidtsche verlagsbuchhandlung (Prof. G. Langenscheidt).

277. The Truth Concerning Stratford-upon-Avon and Shakespeare and other Essays. By Edwin Reed. 8vo. board. Illustrated, pp. 61. Boston: Coburn Publishing Company.

263. The Struggle for a Free Stage in London, which Prof. Watson Nicholson has selected as an Episode in History worthy his study, is that which terminated on August 22nd, 1843, when royal sanction was given to the British Theatre Regulation Bill depriving the two patent Theatres—Drury Lane and Covent Garden of the monopoly they had possessed for two centuries of playing "Shakespeare and the national drama" and extending the privilege to the minor, or independent, theatres which had multiplied in London and the Provinces in spite of the "invoilable rights of the patentees." This volume of nearly 500 compact pages is a story of the long struggle of the public demand for an unrestricted stage against special legislation, chicanery evasions, revivals even of the Acts of Parliament against Vagrancy sychronous with Shakespeare's date, unearthed from official reports, petitions to the Crown, Acts of Parliament, memoirs and diaries, police court minutes, Records of the Lord Chamberlain's office and since there were any newspapers, the columns of newspapers: as well as books and magazines. Some of the curiosities of this record are the relations of Henry Fielding to the Licensing Act of 1737, the story of John Palmer's Royalty Theatre, the "O. P." Riots of 1809 [i. e. the demand for the "Old Price" occasioned by the increase of admission by the expense of rebuilding Covent Garden Theatre burned September 20, in that year] and the development of a dramatic hybrid known as a Burletta; which, curiously enough, became an actual factor in the breaking of the monopoly. The book is a curious and absorbingly interesting to a student of theatrical conditions. And an elaborate index renders it additionally valuable.

261. Mr. Francis A. Smith assumes a case at Bar entitled "The Critics vs. Shakespeare," and takes a Brief therein for the Defendant. There is and always has been, such a case at Bar. Indeed it is to be asked if Shakespeare were really a public benefactor—if anyone is a public benefactor who has afforded excuse for such oceans of letterpress as flood—only to become obsolete and outclassed faster than a battleship; only to make way for new

reams of more letterpress yet? The textual critics who each dark passage shun but hold their farthing candles to the sun are especially the sort that Mr. Smith holds his brief against; and there is mighty little left of them when his argument is complete. Professor Thorndyke and Professor Barrett Wendel are particularly pulverised. If only Ariel had whispered in Shakespeare's ear (even as the slave whispered "remember thou art but a man," to the Roman Conqueror): "Your cloud capped towers your gorgeous palaces your solemn temples will be reduced to their atoms by the College professors." "They will prove you nothing but a parrot repeating things your cheap predecessors said. Your every syllable is Marlowe or Peele or Greene or some forgotten contemporary!! Even Professor Wendell will arise to show how you did it, and how much nicer, omitting all offense in it, a Wendell could have done it. Even a Professor Thorndyke knows your stops, the heart of your mystery, sounds you from your lowest note to the top of your compass!" Mr. Smith does his work well. His little book is crisp and pungent. Shakespeare himself would have retained Mr. Smith as advocate, had Shakespeare cared. But, as Herder said, his head is in the beams of heaven, and of all this he hears—Nothing!

262. In the year 1859 Her Professor Karl Werder, it seems, delivered certain lectures on Shakespeare in Germany, in the course of which he urged that Hamlet was not insane! Since Hamlet himself had warned his friends that he was about to put an antic disposition on (a suggestion from the Saxo Grammaticus Saga, where Amleth feigns madness in order to swoop to his revenge, and since to no psycology is Hamlet more insane than is any man with a set purpose foiled by circumstances and his own beliefs (such as for instance that a person killed at his prayers would go straight to heaven) it is hardly worth while to add to the deluge of books another to reprint this lecture of fifty years ago. To be sure some sort of attempt is made to excuse it by printing a Preface by Dr. Rolfe. But even then the thing is surplusage. The Messrs. Putnam have given the book as they always give their publications, a pretty dress. Of the one pathological proof that Shakespeare's Hamlet is no lunatic—that is to say, his frequent unbending to treat his whole purpose humorously to his friends—as, for example, when he wonders if the success of his Play-scheme would entitle him to a share in a Theatrical Company, or claim that he is only mad north—northeast, neither the stipulative Werder, nor Miss Wilder, who is at pains to translate him, nor Dr. Rolfe, makes the slightest mention!

267. The Shirburn Ballads 1585—1616. The MS., the contents of which are now made public, is one of the treasures of the Earl of Maccles-

field's noble library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire: the warmest thanks of the lovers of English letters are due to Lord Macclesfield's Trustees for their generosity in granting permission to publish the MS. This edition exhibits the actual text of the MS. in its present order, with the minimum of change or omission. Corruptions are corrected in the footnotes. The Introduction contains a minute description of the contents of the MS. and a general study of contemporary ballad-literature. Most of these ballads are new, and they are wonderfully varied and representative. There are religious ballads and political ballads; festive ballads and ballads of earthquakes and monsters. As we turn the pages, it is the folk-songs of Shakespeare's time that pass in review before us—the songs that Poor Tom sang and that Autolycus vended.

271. In this Play, which for stupidity is probably paramount among its kin or kind, Shakespeare is a particularly colorless and commonplace person. Rutland weakly drawn, his speeches undistinguishable in diction from that of the other dramatis personae, for they all talk slang, and Bacon is the disreputable creature of the piece, the villian, if Herr Bleibtreu could only delineate a villian. The Forewords, which announce the theory that Rutland was the real author of the Shakespeare plays are banality itself—if possible worse than the play. Herr Bleibtreu, except the bold proposition itself—advances nothing new, and gets everything that he quotes wrong. He alludes to Dr. Appleton Morgan as "The Baconian Morgan." Says in one place that Dr. Morgan thought because Shakespeare spoke of lilies that he was a countryman. (What Dr. Morgan did in one place in the "Myth" suggest was, that had flowers been more frequently mentioned it might have proved that the author did not live in the country, because it is not the farmer's daughters but the fashionable young lady from town who tramps the fields and tears her hands for wild flowers or wets her feet for the pond lilies." And this is a sample of Herr Bleibtreu's blunders, to catalogue which would require a volume as heavy as the one he had found somebody to print!

268. Already—sooner than even Shakespeare—has Ibsen had his trial and has stood out all appeals, and he comes forth quitted rather by a decree of court than purchased letters of commendation. Sooner even than Shakespeare. The Messrs. Scribner are issuing in a "Copyright Edition" the collected work of Henrik Ibsen, and the format they have given to the Dramas of the great Norwegian will be a favorite one for much time to come. Volume IV, containing Peer Gynt, translated by William and Charles Archer, with an Introduction by William Archer is before us.

273. Except that Professor Walter Raleigh's "Shakespeare" is marred

by admission of a few details, such as that William Shakespeare was born, was married, went to London, came back and died, (items that the learned Professor's Elizabethan namesake could have himself chronicled from information then at hand) this is the most opulent and perhaps the most beautiful of later paregyrics upon the magnificent Plays and Poems. Indeed, it could be called without gainsay an Impressionist Study of the Shakespeare Opera. And no higher praise can be awarded the performance than to declare that, sated as we all are with pure esthetic criticism, we cannot forbear to read this beautiful essay from beginning to end. Chiefly new and rare is the fine contempt for "those who feel that their knowledge of Shakespeare must needs depend chiefly on the salvage of broken facts and details" [concerning Shakespeare as an actual personality] such are Shakespeare's "flunkeys not his friends." "No man can walk abroad" continues this essay, "save on his own shadow. No dramatist can create live characters save by bequeathing the best of himself to the children of his art, scattering among them a largess of his own qualities, giving, it may be, to one his wit, to another his philosophic doubt, to another his love of action, to another the simplicity and constancy that he finds deep in his own nature. There is no thrill of feeling communicated from the printed page but has first been alive in the mind of the author; there was nothing alive in his mind that was not intensely and sincerely felt. Plays like those of Shakespeare cannot be written in cold blood, they call forth the man's whole energies, and take toll of the last farthing of his wealth of sympathy and experience. In the plays we may learn what are the questions that interest Shakespeare most profoundly and occur to his mind with most insistence; we may note how he handles his story, what he rejects, and what he alters, changing its purport and fashion; how many points he is content to leave dark; what matters he chooses to decorate with the highest resources of his romantic art, and what he gives over to be the sport of triumphant ridicule; how in every type of character he emphasizes what most appeals to his instinct and imagination, so that we see the meaning of character more plainly than it is to be seen in life. We share in the emotions that are aroused in him by certain situations and events; we are made to respond to the strange, imaginative appeal of certain others; we know more clearly than if we had heard it uttered, the verdict that he passes on certain characters and on certain lines of conduct. He has made us acquainted with all that he sees, all that he feels, he has spread out before us the scroll that contains his interpretation of the world. How dare we complain that he has hidden himself from our knowledge." Most surely this is lofty esthetic criticism. The only descent from apotheosis (for Professor

Raleigh has no attention to waste upon the Higher Criticism, the criticism of methods or of Origins) is when he considers the use of children to play women's parts, as an advantage not enjoyed by moderns, and regrets its discontinuance, even going so far as to say that with the disappearance of the boy players the Poetic Drama of England died and has had no second life. As to his remarkable proposition we have had something to say elsewhere in these pages.

257. Books by Mr. Sidney Lee come not single spies, but in battalions. This last one (we mean, of course, the last so far, for we would not encourage the phantoms of hope,) rejoices in the name of "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage: "The Modern Stage" part of its title being justified by a chapter or two of the cheapest and most commonplace kind of newspaper criticism of a local actor—a Mr. Benson. While as to Shakespeare, the book, as is usual with Mr. Lee's product, there is nothing in it that might not have been written two hundred and seventy-eight years ago. But jejune as it all is, even its repetition for the ten thousandth time is better than anything Mr. Lee gets into his own words. We read, for example, a sentence like this, (page 30) "It was not merely the recognition of the critical and highly educated that Shakespeare received in person. (sic) It was by the voice of the half-educated populace, whose heart and intellect were once in the right that he was acclaimed the greatest interpreter that literature had known." Letting pass Mr. Lee's slip-shod English, one might comment that this was not only not true, but that, if it were true, then every line in every book in every Shakespeare library in Christendom is surplusage, and worse than valueless. If Shakespeare was known in his own day to be all that he has been discovered to be since, there not only never was any necessity of repeating it day by day for these three hundred years: no more necessity of writing more volumes—even of writing Mr. Lee's—than it is necessary to weary heaven and add a new tedium to existence by ceasing not to shout, day and night, that Queen Elizabeth was once a Queen of England! But of this statement Mr. Lee tells us (Ibid) "there is evidence." And we do Mr. Lee the justice of believing that he is trying to tell the truth and that he believes that he is telling the exact truth. Indeed, this is precisely the idea we have always had of Mr. Lee's calibre—that he understands the word "evidence" exactly to mean anything he copies out of anybody's else's book to pad his own with. For if Mr. Lee has any capacity for, or tendency to undertake the toil of, original research in Shakespeare fields he certainly has been successful in concealing the fact in the Shakespeare literature he has so far manufactured. In the volume before us

he makes quite as liberal use of M. Jusserand as he heretofore did of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, though with the difference that he is polite enough to acknowledge his indebtedness. Mr. Lee's account of the various attempts made by Englishmen to erect at their own expense a monument to Shakespeare we have no means at hand to verify. As to the sporadic attempts of Englishmen to rear monuments to the Dramatist at the expense of other nations on the plea that Shakespeare is "the world's Poet," (the appeals of late years have usually been headed by Dr. Furnivall) we once made some computation. Noting, also, that upon their failure our English friends have invariably decided that Shakespeare was too great to need any monument at all: That himself was his own best monument, &c., &c. In brief, this is only a binding up of more or less valueless things which Mr. Lee has written; for revenue no doubt. Its title, "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," is to be justified, we suppose by two perfunctory criticisms upon the acting of a Mr. John Benson. As Mr. Benson has never given us the pleasure of his performances in the United States, we can't pronounce as to whether Mr. Lee's estimate of him is valid or otherwise.

275. The Messrs. MacMillan at last bring up Prof. George Pierce Baker's "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist" in dainty format and with many not, on the whole, inappropriate pictures. But as to the work itself it recalls old Burton's saying that "men make new books as apothecaries make new medicines, simply by pouring from many bottles into one." The old familiar material is all here. Everything the world has known by heart since Malone's day! And the only excuse for stirring it up and round and about until what we usually find in chapter one is produced in chapter ten or twelve or somewhere between—and vice versae, is a ponderous discussion of the perfectly superfluous question, whether Shakespeare wrote to catch the tastes of his audiences, or indifferently to them. Most of us have not been impressed with there being any such question at all. Shakespeare grew rich by catering to his public, of course. He says so himself in hundreds of places in the plays. He may be "a great moral teacher to-day"—a Puritan (according to Wordsworth, Burgess, Carter and all that silly stripe of commentators) but if he had been "a great moral teacher" in his own day we would not possess his plays at all. It was Falstaff and Bardolph, and Nym, and Pistol, and Doll Tearsheet (Puritans indeed!) that first caught the popular taste—and made the plays worth pirating and so getting themselves printed in Quarto—and thence into the First Folio, and so down to us. (This proposition, by the way, does not occur to Prof. Baker at all. Perhaps because if it had his whole laborious excursion into the obvious would have been left un-

written. However, we congratulate Professor Churchill of Amherst that the volume he described to the German Shakespeare Society about two years since as reflecting splendour upon American Shakespeare scholarship has at last materialized!

283. There are those that admire Mr. Maeterlinck's dialogues called Plays, and the gasps in which they are composed are to these an inspiration. But they do not seem inspired to us and we wonder how an actor in them manages to memorize a text that is so void of characteristics or salience or anything that the memory can cling to in the way of phrase or turn of speech or epigram. Perhaps there are other plays of Mr. Maeterlincks to which our strictures do not apply besides Monna Vanna, which we must certainly admit can be made into a Play!

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

The second volume of The Bankside Restoration Series is the Ur-Hamlet, edited by Dr. Morgan, and will be ready for delivery to subscribers October first, 1907. The two following volumes will probably be As You Like It, as rewritten in "Love in a Forest" by Charles Jonson in 1723, and Cymbeline, as rewritten in 1682, by Thomas Durfee, both to be edited by Dr. Frederick W. Kilbourne. Of this series "The Scotsman" (Edinburgh) of June 27th, 1907, says:

From Mr. Arthur F. Bird, London, comes the first volume (25s. net) of an American publication originally issued by the Shakespeare Society of New York, "The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare," a recension edited by Dr. Appleton Morgan and Mr. Willis Vickery of the Shakespearean plays as they were adapted for the stage of the Restoration period, and given at the Duke's Theatre and other playhouses in the latter half of the seventeenth century. In its material shape the volume is uniform with those of the "Bankside Shakespeare" already issued by the same society. It gives the play of *Timon of Athens* in two texts, conveniently printed so that a student may compare them page by page, that of the first folio and that of the quite different piece into which Shadwell re-wrote and re-arranged it in 1678. Both texts are edited with the careful scholarship that has made the "Bankside Shakespeare" a favourite edition with studious readers of the great Dramatist. The Introduction makes the most of the merits of Shadwell's version, though few modern critics, if any, would do otherwise than condemn an adaptation which brings in a "female interest" to a play so exclusively devoted to misanthropy, waters down its tempestuous eloquence by gentle graces of rhetoric, and more than once falsifies its characters. The value of the edition, however, is that it enables a student easily to compare the two versions for himself. It promises well, for the rest, for the success of the interesting series which it begins.

"Current Literature" is easily the most valuable periodical that reaches this table, printed in an English speaking country, and we know of none printed on the continent of Europe that is its equivalent in value. Its calm crystalized and unpersonal statements of all sides of each question in World

Politics, Diplomacy, Economy, Science, Art, Literature and Theology are indispensable to one who would keep abreast of the affairs of the Planet. We read each succeeding issue with admiration for the editorial ability that conducts it.

There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune, and the Publishers of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA have reason, they think, to believe that the advertisement of The Seashore Land and Improvement Company in this issue's advertising pages is worth investigating by professional and scholarly gentlemen who love open ocean breezes in the heated term and retired walks and precincts far (but not too far) from the madding crowd. "Procul negotiis" at any rate!

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